The too and fro conflicting wind and raine,
This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I doe know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd,
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcattered kingdome, who alreadie wiſe in our
Haue ſecret feet in ſome of our beſt Ports, (negligẽce,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credit you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to Douer, you ſhall find
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine,
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No doe not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As feare not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you doe not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King,
Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights

Enter

On him, hollow the other.

Enter Lear

Lear. Blow wind & cracke y
You caterickes, & Hircanios ſpo
The ſteeples drown'd the cock
Thought executing fires, vaunt
Oke-cleauing thunderboults, ſi
And thou all ſhaking thunder, ſ
The thicke Rotunditie of the w
Mold, all Germains ſpill at once
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court holy
Is better then this raine water out
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy
Heers a night pities nether wiſe
Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſp
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are
I taske not you you elements wit
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald
You owe me no ſubſcription, why
Here I ſtãd your ſlaue, a poore in
Deſpis'd ould man, but yet I call
Miniſters, that haue with 2. perni
Your high engẽdred battel gainſt
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. Hee that has a houſe
headpeece, the Codpeece that w
any the head and hee ſhall lowſe,
man that makes his toe, what h
haue a corne cry woe, and t
there was neuer yet faire woma
glaſſe.

Lear. No I will be the pattern
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Whoſe there?

Foole. Marry heers Grace, &
a foole.

Kent. Alas ſir, ſit you here?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.18)